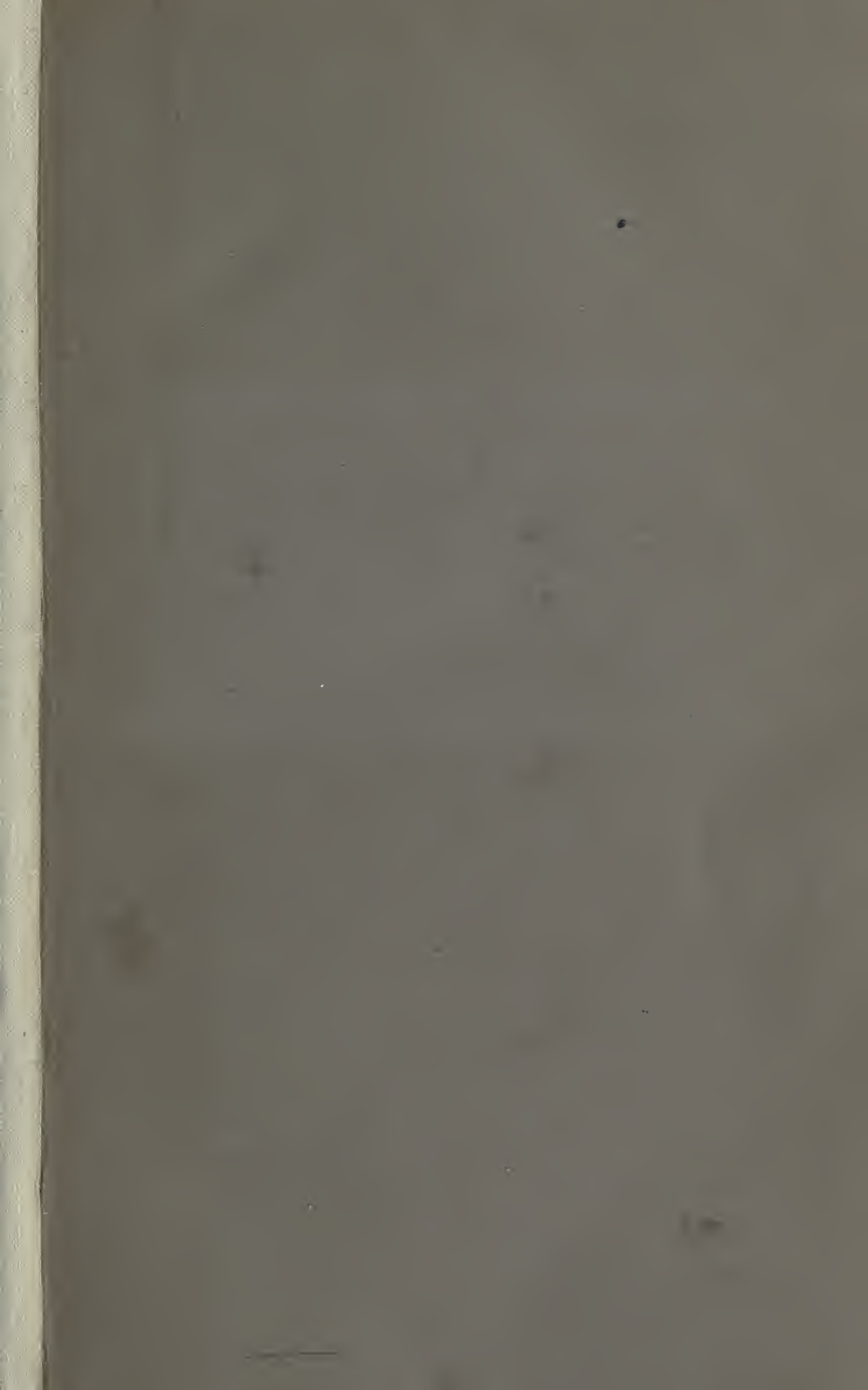


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MEMORIAL NOTICES OF REV. GIDEON H. POND.

BY MESSRS. RIGGS, WILLIAMSON AND SIBLEY.

I. NOTE BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION.

On Sunday, January 20, 1878, Rev. GIDEON H. POND, one of the oldest residents of Minnesota, or of what is now known as Minnesota, died at his home in Oak Grove, near Bloomington, Hennepin Co. In noticing the death of this pioneer of civilization, whose name must always have an honored place in the history of our State, the Minneapolis Tribune says:

“We hope the Historical Society of Minnesota will appoint some one to prepare a memoir for their Transactions, of the man who unselfishly worked in Hennepin County for nearly forty-four years, for the benefit of humanity.” This would have been done, had not the very full, carefully prepared, and generously conceived tributes to his memory by his life-long associates, Messrs. RIGGS, WILLIAMSON, SIBLEY, and others, published soon after his death, so fully covered the entire subject, that it seemed unnecessary for any one else to go over it again, as well as precluded the possibility of any one else doing it so well. The Committee on Publication have, therefore, deemed their duty best done by simply giving the eulogies referred to, just as they were written; the names of the writers being a guaranty of the completeness and correctness of their respective biographical sketches of Mr. POND.

In the death of Mr. POND, the Minnesota Historical Society lost one of its most valuable members. With his associates, Messrs. WILLIAMSON and RIGGS, he joined it soon after its organization, and constantly labored to promote its objects and usefulness. The earlier Collections of the Society, Vol. 1, (1852) and again in Vol. 3, (1867) contain valuable and elaborate papers by him on Indian mythology, and customs. No less important, as preserving the knowledge of these subjects, are his published or MS. sermons or discourses, his contributions to the *Dakota Friend*, of which he was editor, printed in St. Paul in 1850-52, half in English, half in Dakota, and articles contributed to the public press from time to time, or to church periodicals.¹ We can only regret that one who could so well and accurately record this information, did not write more on those topics; but other and pressing duties left him but little opportunity to do so, despite his proverbial industry and perseverance. He never declined any duty assigned him by the Society, and never relaxed his interest in it, but sent contributions to its cabinet of Indian Curiosities, from time to time, and visited it whenever convenient, the last time but a brief period before his death; and he was then planning still more labors in its behalf. His death leaves a vacancy in our ranks, which it will be impossible to fill, while his fidelity and readiness serves for a worthy example to his fellow members.

Mr. POND was a member of the first Territorial Legislature, in 1849, and though, from his quiet and unobtrusive nature, he did not take a conspicuous part, he performed valuable service as a legislator, and impressed his associates with his candor and good judgment in all matters. His name is worthy to be enrolled among those who have contributed to shaping the policy and giving form to the laws and institutions of our commonwealth.

¹ On page 37 *et seq.* of this volume (Part 1, Vol. III.) will be found some record of the valuable labors of Mr. POND, in translating school books, religious works, hymns, &c., into the Dakota tongue, to aid in the work of the mission.

II. SKETCH OF MR. POND'S LIFE, BY REV. S. R. RIGGS : PUBLISHED IN
THE *I API O A Y E* (WORD-CARRIER) APRIL, 1878.

Born and brought up in Litchfield county, in a town adjoining Washington, Connecticut, Rev. GEORGE BUSHNELL visited that hill country in his youth, and was deeply impressed with the manifest and pervading religious element in the community. Taken there by a special Providence more than a quarter of a century ago, and enjoying the privilege of a visit in some of the families, it seemed to me that it had been a good place to raise men. This was on the line of the impression made upon me years before that. When I first met, in the Land of the Dakotas, the brothers SAMUEL W. and GIDEON H. POND, they were both over six feet high, and "seemed the children of a king."

In this hill town of Washington, on the 30th of June, 1810, GIDEON HOLLISTER, the younger of the two brothers, was born. His parents were ELNATHAN JUDSON and SARAH HOLLISTER POND. GIDEON was the fifth child, and so was called by the Dakotas *Hakay*. Of his childhood and youth, almost nothing is known to the writer. He had the advantage of a New England common-school education; perhaps nothing more. As he grew very rapidly, and came to the size and strength of a man early, he made a full hand in the harvest field at the age of sixteen. To this ambition to be counted a man and do a man's work, when as yet he should have been a boy, he, in after life, ascribed some of his infirmities. This ambition continued with him through life, and occasional overwork at least, undermined a constitution that might, with care and God's blessing, have continued to the end of the century.

He came to the Land of the Dakotas, now Minnesota, in the spring of 1834. The older brother, SAMUEL, had come out as far as Galena, Illinois, in the summer previous. The pioneer minister of that country of lead, was Rev. ARATUS KENT, who desired to retain Mr. POND as an adjutant in his great and constantly enlarging work; but Mr. POND had

heard of the Sioux or Dakotas, for whose souls no one cared, and, having decided to go to them, he sent for his brother GIDEON to accompany him.

When they reached Fort Snelling and had made known their errand to the commanding officer of the post, Maj. BLISS, and to the resident, Indian agent, Maj. TALIAFERRO, they received the hearty approval and co-operation of both, and the agent at once recommended them to commence work with the Dakotas of Lake Calhoun village, where some steps had already been taken in the line of civilization. There, on the margin of the lake, they built their log cabin. Last summer Mr. KING's grand Pavilion, so called, was completed on the same spot, which gave occasion for Mr. GIDEON H. POND to tell the story of this first effort in that line :

“Just forty-three years previous to the occurrence above alluded to, on the same beautiful site, was completed a humble edifice, built by the hands of two inexperienced New England boys, just setting out in life-work. The foundation stones of that hut were removed to make place for the present Pavilion, perchance compose a part of it. The old structure was of oak logs, carefully peeled. The peeling was a mistake. Twelve feet by sixteen and eight feet high were the dimensions of the edifice. Straight poles from the tamarack grove west of the lake, formed the timbers of the roof, and the roof itself was of the bark of trees which grew on the bank of what is now called “Bassett's Creek,” fastened with strins of the inner bark of the bass-wood. A partition of small logs divided the house into two rooms, and split logs furnished material for a floor. The ceiling was of slabs from the old government saw mill, through the kindness of Major BLISS, who was in command of Fort Snelling. The door was made of boards split from a log with an ax, having wooden hinges and fastenings, and was locked by pulling in the latch string. The single window was the gift of the kind-hearted Major LAWRENCE TALIAFERRO, United States Indian agent. The cash cost of the building was one shilling, New York currency, for nails used in and about the door. “The formal opening” exercises, consisted in reading a section from the old book by the name of Bible, and prayer to Him who was its acknowledged author. The “banquet” consisted of mussels from the lake, flour and water. The ground was selected by the Indian chief of the Lake Calhoun band of Dakotas, MAN-OF-THE-SKY, by which he showed good taste. The reason he gave for the selection was, that “from that point the loons would be visible on the lake.”

“The old chief and his pagan people had their homes on the surface of that ground, in the bosom of which now sleep the bodies of deceased

Christians from the city of Minneapolis, the Lake Wood cemetery, over which these old eyes have witnessed, dangling in the night-breeze, many a Chippewa scalp, in the midst of horrid chants, yells and wails, widely contrasting with the present stillness of that quiet home of those

‘Who sleep the years away.’

That hut was the home of the first citizen settlers of Hennepin county, perhaps of Minnesota, the first school room, the first house for divine worship, and the first mission station among the Dakota Indians.”

My own personal acquaintance with Mr. POND commenced in the summer of 1837. He was then, and had been for a year previous, at Lac qui Parle. In September my wife and I joined that station, and the first event occurring after that which has impressed itself upon my memory was the marriage of Mr. POND and Miss SARAH POAGE, sister of Mrs. Dr. WILLIAMSON. This was the first marriage ceremony I had been called upon to perform; and Mr. POND signalized it by making a feast, and calling, according to the Savior’s injunction, “the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind.” And there was a plenty of such to be called in that Dakota village. They could not recompense him, but “he shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.”

Mr. POND had long been yearning to see the inside of an Indian. He sometimes said he wanted to be an Indian, if only for half an hour, that he might know how an Indian felt and by what motives he could be moved. And so, when the early spring of 1838 came, and the ducks began to come northward, a half-dozen Dakota families started for Lac qui Parle to hunt and trap on the upper part of the Chippewa river, in the neighborhood of where the town of Benson now is. Mr. POND went with them, and was gone two weeks. It was in the month of April, and the streams were flooded and the water was cold. There should have been enough of game easily obtained to feed the party well. So the Indians thought. But it did not prove so. A cold spell came on, the ducks disappeared, and Mr. POND and his Indian hunters were reduced to scanty fare, and sometimes they had nothing for a whole day. But Mr. POND was seeing inside of Indians, and was quite willing to starve a good deal in the process. However, his stay with them, and their hunt for that time as well,

was suddenly terminated, by the appearance of the Ojibwa chief, *HOLE-IN-THE-DAY*, and ten men with him. They came to smoke the peace pipe, they said. They were royally feasted by three of the families, who killed their dogs to feed the strangers, who, in turn, arose in the night and killed the Dakotas. As *GOD* would have it, *MR. POND* was not then with those three tents, and so he escaped.

No one had started with more of a determination to master the Dakota language than *GIDEON H. POND*. And no one of the older missionaries succeeded so well in learning to talk just like a Dakota. Indeed, he must have had a peculiar aptitude for acquiring language; for in these first years of missionary life he learned to read French and Latin and Greek, so that the second *Mrs. POND* writes: "When I came, and for a number of years, he read from the Greek Testament at our family worship in the morning. Afterward he used his Latin Bible, and still later his French Testament."

While *MR. POND* was naturally ambitious, he was also peculiarly sensitive and retiring. When the writer was left with him at *Lac qui Parle*, *Dr. WILLIAMSON* having gone to Ohio for the winter, although so much better master of the Dakota than I was, at that time, he was unwilling to take more than a secondary part in the Sabbath services. "*Dr. WILLIAMSON* and you are ministers," he would say. And even years afterward, when he and his family had removed to the neighborhood of *Fort Snelling*, and he and his brother had built at *Oak Grove*, with the people of their first love, *GIDEON H.* could hardly be persuaded that it was his duty to become a preacher of the Gospel. I remember more than one long conversation I had with him on this subject. He seemed to shrink from it as a little child, although he was then thirty-seven years old.

In the spring of 1847, he and *MR. ROBERT HOPKINS*¹ were

¹ *ROBERT HOPKINS* was born in *Brown Co., O.*, May 23, 1816. He pursued his education for several years at *South Hanover College, Indiana*. He was married to *Miss AGNES C. JOHNSTON*, in the winter of 1842-3, and the following spring they came to *Lac qui Parle*, as assistant missionaries of the *A. B. C. F. M.*, and soon after formed a new station at *Traverse des Sioux*. He was ordained in 1848, by the *Dakota Presbytery*. On July 4, 1851, he was drowned in the *Minnesota river* at *Traverse des Sioux*, while bathing, after eight years faithful labor as a missionary.

licensed by the Dakota Presbytery, and ordained in the autumn of 1848. We were not disappointed in our men. Mr. HOPKINS gave evidence of large adaptation to the missionary work, but in less than three years he heard the call of the Master, and went up through a flood of waters. Mr. POND, notwithstanding his hesitation in accepting the office, became a most acceptable and efficient and successful preacher and pastor.

After the treaties of 1851, those lower Sioux were removed to the upper Minnesota. White people came in immediately, and took possession of those lands. Mr. POND elected to remain and labor among the white people. He very soon organized a church, which, in a short time, became a working, benevolent church, for some years the *banner* Presbyterian church of Minnesota in the way of benevolence. When in 1873, Mr. POND resigned his pastorate, he wrote in his diary, "I have preached to the people of Bloomington *twenty years*." He received home mission aid only a few years.

In the Spring of 1853, Mrs. SARAH POAGE POND departed, after a lingering illness of eighteen months, and left a "blessed memory." There were seven children by this marriage, all of which are living and have families of their own, but GEORGE, who died while in the Lane Theological Seminary. In the summer of 1854, Mr. POND was married to his second wife, Mrs. AGNES C. J. HOPKINS, widow of Rev. ROBERT HOPKINS. The second Mrs. POND brought her three children, making the united family of children at that time ten. Six have been added since. And there are twenty-two grandchildren, six of whom are members of the church of CHRIST, together with all the children and their companions. Is not that a successful life? Counting the widowed mother and those who have come into the family by marriage, there are, I understand, just fifty who mourn the departure of the patriarch father. A little more than two score years ago he was one; and now, behold a multitude!

MARY FRANCES HOPKINS, who came into the family when a girl, and afterward married EDWARD R. POND, the son, writes thus: "To me he was as near an own father as it is

possible for one to be who is so by adoption, and I shall always be glad I was allowed to call him 'father.'"

The members of the Synod of Minnesota will remember, with great pleasure, Mr. POND's presence with them at their last meeting at St. Paul, in the middle of October. For some years past he has frequently been unable to be present. This time he seemed to be more vigorous than usual, and greatly entertained the Synod and people of St. Paul, with his terse and graphic presentation of some of the LORD's workings in behalf of the Dakotas.

During the meeting I was quartered with Mrs. Governor RAMSEY. On Saturday I was charged with a message to Mr. POND, inviting him to come and spend the night at the Governor's. We passed a profitable evening together, and he and I talked long of the way in which the Lord had led us; of the great prosperity He had given us in our families and in our work. Neither of us thought, probably, that that would be our last talk this side the golden city. The next day, Sabbath, he preached in the morning, for Rev. D. R. BREED, in the House of Hope, which, probably, was his *last sermon*. In the evening he was with us in the Opera House, at a meeting in the interest of Home and Foreign Missions.

"His health gradually failed," Mrs. POND writes, "from the time of his return from the Synod, though he did not call himself sick until the 11th of January, and he died on Sabbath, the 20th, about noon." She adds: "His interest in the Indians, for whom he labored so long, was very deep, and he always spoke of them with loving tenderness, and often with tears. One of the last things he did was to look over his old Dakota hymns, revised by J. P. W. and A. L. R., and sent to him for his consent to the proposed alterations."

"His simple faith in the LORD JESUS caused him all the time to live a life of self denial, that he might do more to spread the knowledge of JESUS' love to those who knew it not." The love of CHRIST constrained him, and was his ruling passion.

Of his last days the daughter says:

"He really died of consumption. The nine days he was

confined to bed he suffered much, but his mind was mostly clear, and he was very glad to go. I think the summons was no more sudden to him than to ELIJAH. He was to the last, loving and trustful, brave and patient. To his brother SAMUEL, as he came to his sick bed, he said: 'So we go to see each other die.' Sometime before, he had visited SAMUEL when he did not expect to recover. 'My struggles are over. The LORD has taken care of me, and will take care of the rest of you. My hope is in the LORD,' he said.

"Toward the last it was hard for him to converse, and he bade us no formal farewell. But the words, as we noted them down, were words of cheer and comfort: 'You have nothing to fear for the present or the future.' And so was given to him the victory over death, through faith in JESUS."

Is that dying? He sleeps with his fathers. He has gone to see the King in His beauty, in a land not very far off.

As loving hands ministered to him in his sickness, loving hearts mourned at his death. On the Wednesday following, he was buried. A half dozen brothers in the ministry were present at his funeral, and fittingly, Mr. BREED, of the House of Hope, preached the sermon.

This is success.

III. TRIBUTE TO MR. POND BY GEN. H. H. SIBLEY, IN THE PIONEER PRESS, JAN. 26, 1878.

To the Editor of the Pioneer Press:

"Within a week past your paper contained the announcement of the death of Rev. GIDEON H. POND, in Bloomington, in the county of Hennepin, and the notice was accompanied by a brief sketch of his career. Mr. POND was so old a settler, and his connection with missionary work among the Sioux Indians so important, that his demise should not be regarded as an ordinary event in the history of our territory and state.

When the writer came to this country in 1834, he did not expect to meet a single white man except those composing the garrison at Fort Snelling, a few government officials attached to the department of Indian affairs, and the *voyageurs* employed by the great fur company in its business. There

was but one house, or rather log cabin, along the entire distance of nearly 300 miles between Prairie du Chien and St. Peters, now Mendota, and that was at a point below Lake Pepin, near the present town of Wabasha. What was his surprise then, to find that his advent had been preceded in the spring of the same year by two young Americans, SAMUEL W. POND and GIDEON H. POND, brothers, scarcely out of their teens, who had built for themselves a small hut at the Indian village of Lake Calhoun, and had determined to consecrate their lives in the work of civilizing and Christianizing the wild Sioux. For many long years these devoted men labored in the cause, through manifold difficulties and discouragements, sustained by a faith that the seed sown would make itself manifest in GOD's good time. The efforts then made to reclaim the savages from their mode of life, the influence of their blameless and religious walk and conversation upon those with whom they were brought in daily contact, and the self-denial and personal sacrifices required at their hands, are doubtless treasured up in a higher than human record. When the Indians were removed, in compliance with treaty stipulations, the brothers accompanied them, ministering to their bodily and spiritual wants, and remaining with them until incessant labors and exposure, admonished the self-sacrificing pair of the fact that there was a limit to human endurance, beyond which it is not their duty to venture. There were other responsibilities resting upon them, demanding time and attention, so that after more than a quarter of a century passed in active missionary service with the Indians, they retired from the field, the Rev. S. W. POND to Shakopee, and his brother GIDEON to Bloomington, where he became the pastor of a congregation, in charge of which he continued until disabled by physical infirmities. Gifted with an uncommonly fine constitution, the subject of this sketch met with an accident in his early days, from the effects of which it is questionable if he ever entirely recovered. He broke through the ice at Lake Harriet in the early part of the winter, and as there was no one at hand to afford aid, he only saved his life after a desperate struggle, by continuing to fracture the frozen surface until he reached shallow water, when he suc-

ceeded in extricating himself. His long immersion and exhaustive efforts brought on a severe attack of pneumonia, which for many days threatened a fatal termination.

The withdrawal of the brothers from missionary ground, by no means diminished their interest in the welfare of the ill-fated race to whom the best period of their lives had been devoted. Their leisure hours were spent in translating portions of the Bible and kindred works into the Dakota or Sioux language, with which both of them were as familiar as were the Indians themselves. Indeed, to them, and to their veteran co-laborers, Rev. T. S. WILLIAMSON and Rev. S. R. RIGGS, the credit is to be ascribed of having produced this rude and rich Dakota tongue to the learned world in a written and systematical shape, the lexicon prepared by their joint labors forming one of the publications of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington City, which has justly elicited the commendation of experts in philological lore, as a most valuable contribution to that branch of literature. Furthermore, the brothers continued to receive frequent visits from their straggling native friends, whose invariable demand for food and other necessities, have been cheerfully met to the extent of the slender resources of their entertainers.

Both of the Messrs. POND were regularly ordained Presbyterian ministers, but their love for their fellow men was by no means bounded by sectarian bias. Singularly modest and unobtrusive, the spirit of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind," and "vaunteth not itself" dominated all their actions, and secured for them the respect and attachment of many who were not in accord with their peculiar religious tenets.

The surviving brother cannot but lament the departure of him with whom he was wont to hold loving counsel during many years, but with the immediate family of the deceased and his many friends, including all of the old settlers, he finds consolation in the reflection that the spirit of the departed has entered into that rest which is abiding and eternal.

ST. PAUL, JAN. 25, 1878.

IV. TRIBUTE TO MR. POND, BY REV. THOS. S. WILLIAMSON, PUBLISHED IN THE "HERALD AND PRESBYTER," MARCH 20, 1878.

Rev. GIDEON H. POND was born in Litchfield county, Connecticut, June 30, 1810. In May, 1834, with his older brother, SAMUEL W., who survives him, he came to Fort Snelling, to make known the gospel to the Dakotas, then more wild than any of the Aborigines of our country to whom the gospel had ever been preached. The brothers were sons of a farmer; knew no language but English, and had no education except such as they had received from a pious mother, and in the common schools of Connecticut. They had heard that the Sioux near the Falls of Saint Anthony, were very poor and miserable, having no one to tell them of the SAVIOUR so precious to themselves, and came to help them. They had no promise or expectation of aid from any society or individual. They brought with them a good supply of clothing, part of which had been manufactured by their mother's own hands; some money, earned by their own, and their Bibles. By permission and advice of the Indian Agent, they built, with their own hands, a small log cabin near the Indian village at Lake Calhoun, now in the suburbs of Minneapolis. After plowing the fields of the Indians, with a yoke of oxen furnished by the agent, they made one for themselves, and raised a crop of corn, which went far toward supporting them for the year; all the time applying themselves diligently to the acquisition of the Dakota language, which had not then been reduced to a written form. To acquire, and reduce it to writing, with the little help they would get from an interpreter, required much patient study; but they accomplished it.

In the summer of 1836, he, by invitation, went to Lac qui Parle, where the Indians were more inclined to receive instruction, than those near Fort Snelling. For nearly three years, he there assisted us in learning the language, and in preparing the first school books printed in it; in teaching the Dakotas their religion and letters, and in building, and other secular labors. There, also, he was married to his first wife, Miss SARAH POAGE, who had come out as teacher, with her sister, Mrs. WILLIAMSON.

In the spring of 1839, his brother and wife being left alone

in the mission work near Fort Snelling, he returned to their assistance, and at the earnest request of the Indians, was appointed farmer for them under government, at a salary of \$600 a year. The duties of this office he discharged to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, till he felt it his duty to resign, that he might devote himself more entirely to laboring for the spiritual welfare of the Indians.

In September, 1846, Dakota Presbytery was organized, and he and ROBERT HOPKINS were received under its care as candidates for the ministry. Next year they were licensed to preach, and in September, 1848, they were ordained. The field about him was, at that time, a very hard one in which to sow the good seed of the word. The medicine men among the Indians, a numerous and influential class, saw that the success of the gospel would destroy their craft. They were encouraged in their opposition by the Roman Catholic traders, who had great influence, and said (perhaps believing it true) that Christianity and civilization were very injurious to the Indians; and they made them believe that, in consequence of their listening to missionaries, several thousand dollars of their annuities were kept from them every year. Nothing was attempted against the persons of the missionaries, but the medicine men went from village to village, threatening with death any who listened to religious instruction, or suffered their children to attend school, and boasting that by their conjurations they had caused the death of several persons, whose deaths, there is good reason to suppose they had caused by poison. These persons had not professed to be Christians, but manifested an inclination to become such. It is not strange, that, in such circumstances, the number of converts was small. But the good seed was not all lost.

In the autumn of 1862, many of these Sioux were imprisoned for warring against the United States. During the following winter the gospel was preached to them in prison, and they gladly received it, saying, "The Messrs. POND told us these things long ago. We knew they were true, but were afraid to obey; therefore evil has come upon us." By request, Rev. G. H. POND visited and preached to them, and, on February 3, 1863, baptized more than fifty men, on profession of

their faith in JESUS. Several of these have since been ruling elders, and one, at the time of his death, was a licensed preacher.

But Bro. POND's labors were not confined to the red men. The Presbyterian Church, organized in Fort Snelling in 1835, by the removal of all the officers and most of the members, had become nearly extinct. By his labors it was resuscitated and re-organized in 1849, and, to be more central for the members, the place of meeting was transferred to Little Falls Creek, where he preached regularly for several years. After Minneapolis, west of the Mississippi, began to be settled, he preached there, and gathered the first Presbyterian Church in that city. When, in consequence of having sold the land, the Dakotas were compelled to leave the neighborhood, he would have chosen to go with or follow them, but the circumstances of his family did not admit of it; and from that time he labored chiefly among the white population. For several years he preached two or three sermons every Sabbath, and rode twenty to thirty miles to meet his appointments. He also attended one or two evening prayer-meetings weekly, traveling from five to fifteen miles to do so, even in nights when the snow was drifting, and the thermometer was far below zero.

As the country became more densely settled, the field of his labors was contracted, but the amount of them not diminished. Few of those who settled near him were Presbyterians, or members of any Protestant church; yet from among them he gathered a self-sustaining Presbyterian Church, the first, and as yet, the only one of the kind in Minnesota, outside of the cities and county-seats. In all this time, his salary was so small that, in order to support his family, he labored three or four days each week with his hands; accomplishing more in those days than most men do in six. I suppose the largest salary he ever received, was \$600 a year from the United States government, for farming for the Indians. At that time he and his wife were members of the Dakota Mission. By a rule of the A. B. C. F. M., all moneys received by members of any mission as compensation for secular labor, was at the disposal of the mission and not of the person receiving it. In his case the mission said that, as he had never received any salary

from the Board, and the other farmers for the Indians, receiving a like salary from the Government, spent the whole of it in supporting their families, his salary was his own, and we had nothing to do with it. Nevertheless, as he knew that the rest of us received only a bare support for our families, which at that time was less than \$600 for any family, he determined he would not have more than the rest, and after he resigned, made an exact calculation, and found that he had saved several hundred dollars, he gave it all to benevolent objects. I know not the exact amount, but know he gave to the A. B. C. F. M., the American Home Missionary Society, American Bible Society, and the American Tract Society, each \$100; \$400 to the four.

While laboring thus assiduously, neither his family nor the cultivation of his own mind, nor his sermons, were neglected. Most of his English discourses were written out in full, though he did not always read them. Though not a fluent speaker, wherever he preached, people heard him gladly. He purchased a good, though not a large library, and made a good use of it. After coming among the Dakotas, he not only learned their language, but Latin, Greek and French, and read the Holy Scriptures in all these languages.

Few will suppose a man could accomplish so much without a helpmeet. God was pleased to give him two such, worthy of him. Of the first, I have already made mention. She was called to her rest in 1853, leaving him seven children. One of these, after graduating at Marietta, died of cholera while a student at Lane Theological Seminary. The other six are all living and useful members of CHRIST's church.

Some two years after, he married the widow of Rev. ROBERT HOPKINS, a grand-daughter of ROBERT G. WILSON, D. D., long pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Chillicothe, and some years President of Ohio University, at Athens. At the time of her second marriage she had three children of Mr. HOPKINS' living; and she bore Mr. POND six, all whom are living, and communicants in Christian churches, as are the husbands and wives of his six, and her four children who are married. Of his twenty-two grand-children, six are communicants, and the oldest who is not, is only eleven years old.

He left to his widow and minor children a good farm, on which he lived more than thirty years, and had built a good house and barn, and his cattle and horses, unincumbered with debt. He had naturally good health, but labors like his, wear out our clay tenements. After preaching twenty years to his neighbors who composed the Bloomington church, in the fall of 1873 he resigned the pastorate of that church, feeling that his strength was insufficient to discharge the duties as he had done; though for several months, until another pastor was obtained, he occupied the pulpit most of the time. Subsequently he preached occasionally there, and elsewhere, when he felt able and was invited to do so. The esteem in which he was held as a preacher appears from the fact that when Synod was in session at St. Paul last autumn, by special invitation, on Sabbath morning he preached in the wealthiest Presbyterian church in the city.

For several months he had suffered from soreness in his lungs, which increased, and resulted in acute pneumonia. When informed that he would probably die soon, he seemed pleased, and said: "I have no anxiety. I would prefer to die now."

* * * * *

He never lost his interest in the Dakotas, nor did they cease to love him. Within the last ten years several families of them returned and settled near him. These he instructed in their own tongue, and nearly a dozen became communicants in his church, and regular attendants, being taught in the Sabbath school by one of his children. They were at his funeral, and when they saw his face for the last time, big tears dropped from their cheeks to the floor of the church.

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